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EDITORIAL STAFF

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BUSINESS STAFF

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EDITORIAL



IN MEMORIAM

Pupils and teachers extend their sympathy to the family of Albert Colby.

LESS TALK—MORE ACTION

Robert had just finished a long dissertation on the needs of the school to make it more pleasant and efficient.

"Yes, sir, what this school needs is more interest in it by the pupils. Make the pupils govern, and be responsible for things. And you know how that can be done? Well, I'll tell you. We ought to have a committee approach the faculty and tell them what we want. Of course there'll have to be a lot of research done to prove its possibilities and so forth, but it could be done, by jiminy!"

"Say, that's an idea," spoke up John, "and you can be the chairman 'cause you know just how we ought to go about it. But we'll all help, of course!" During these remarks it could be seen that Robert was getting extremely uncomfortable.

"Well, fellows, I-I-I don't think I'll—that is, that I'll have time, er-er, you see I'm in so many things and everything I won't have time. And besides I—."

The glances that were being exchanged were very significant. They plainly said, "Oh sure, he's willing to talk and act important and suggest things, but when it comes to using a little energy to accomplish these things there's nobody home."

The purpose of this anecdote, of course, is to show you how lacking

one is in importance when he or she is finally pinned down and discovered, and to warn against idle talk, the natural tendency of one who wants only to appear important in everyone's eyes. There are several reasons why, if one does not intend to work, he should not talk but remain silent. First, when you are found out you will be an object of ridicule, contempt and disgust to your friends who believed in your sincerity. Second, it will destroy any natural initiative you might have, by allowing you to get by on talk alone. Third, if reports of your lack of "gumption" reach a prospective employer, your chances of future employment will greatly shrink. You all know that there are these kinds of "mouth-workers" on every dance, assembly, or athletic committee right here in this school. Don't *you* be one! Let "Talk and Act" be *your* motto.

Annette Silverstein, '38

CHANGES NEEDED IN JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

As I glance around our school I can see the need for many changes. First of all, the conduct of the students is not one to be complimented. I think this can be remedied by providing each pupil with a written set of rules of conduct while attending school. Heavy penalties should be imposed for breaking them. This could do no harm to the pupil and I am quite sure it would help him much more than our present plan of detention, which is so often ignored.

Another thing which is irritating

to pupils and shameful to the reputation of the school is the matter of stolen or lost articles. Daily Mr. Hayes tactfully reports books as "lost or misplaced." Articles of clothing disappear as well as money, trinkets which were in pupils' coat pockets, and even lunches. Desks are also ransacked. Every student should be provided with a locker. There is no reason why locks can't be put on the desks and each student provided with an individual key. Fines can be imposed for loss of keys. If this were done the town would have a lower tax rate due to the decrease in loss of school property. The reputation of the school would rise and the pupils would respect the property rights of others.

The pupils of Johnson High School are unable to eat in a quiet, healthful atmosphere. Our lunch room is too small and pupils are forced to resort to the basement, which is a combination roughhouse and lunch room at recess. Pupils cannot digest food properly in this type of environment. If we had a cafeteria in which we could order a complete menu of wholesome and varied food at a nominal charge, and sit quietly at tables with a few friends, our general health and the appearance of the school would greatly improve. Cluttered halls and basements would vanish and pupils would sit quietly with others and eat with poise.

Lastly, our school needs a class in physical education. We have a gym but what good is it except for basketball, in which only a few participate? Every student needs physical as well as mental training. This should be included in our curriculums among the list of required subjects.

These are a few of the requirements of this school. The suggested remedies have all been tried in other

schools and found to be a success and not an impossibility. The money spent is worth the improvement of our whole community and most of all, Johnson High School.

Elfreda Withee, '38

A WELL-DRESSED

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

In order to determine what goes to make up a well-dressed high school girl, it is necessary to consider her dress, shoes, cosmetics, jewelry and hairdress.

The first thing to be considered is her dress. To be well-dressed and not to be conspicuous, her dress should be the proper length. A dress which is too long, or, on the other hand, too short, detracts very much from her appearance. She should never, under any circumstances, wear a slinky satin dress or anything of this type, because it tends to make her look more like a movie actress than a high school girl. Nowadays the modern high school girl thinks she is well clothed if her style corresponds to some well-known movie star. But in this point she is mistaken, because the well-dressed high school girl wears very smart and simple sport clothes, with colors which blend together, and which do not clash. By sport clothes I mean skirts and sweaters, and snappy suits, and sport dresses.

The next thing to be considered is her shoes. The high school girl who considers herself well-dressed does not go "clicking" around the school on high heels all the time. Instead, she wears sport shoes with college heels. Many girls think sport shoes are "old maidish," and are not the style, and therefore they will not lower themselves to wear them. But good looking sport shoes, and there are such things, although frequently

girls do not think so, are much neater and more appropriate for a girl going to high school. Of course, I am not condemning high heels, but there is a time and a place for everything.

The type of girl who wears high heels and satin dresses usually overuses cosmetics, also. Cosmetics (rouge, powder, lipstick, etc.) should not be worn excessively by high school girls. In fact a girl at this age is better off to leave her natural beauty untouched, rather than to mar it up with cosmetics. Although rouge, powder and lipstick are really not needed, I think that if they are used in very small amounts they will not prevent a girl from being well-dressed. But a girl who wears too much bright lipstick, rouge, and eyebrow pencil, can never hope to be classified as a well-dressed high school girl.

Another thing which tends to stop a girl from being well-dressed is the use of too much jewelry. Here again, too much jewelry gives an overdressed appearance and makes a girl look cheap. It is flashy and does nothing but draw attention.

The problem of hairdress remains to be discussed. And this is a problem! I think girls spend more time fixing their hair, than in anything else. This is all so needless, because the well-dressed high school girl wears her hair very simply and neatly. By simply, I do not mean "old fashioned," because a hairdress can be simple and at the same time be stylish.

In conclusion, I would say that two factors go to make up a well-dressed high school girl; these are neatness and simplicity.

Barbara Hainsworth, '38



LITERARY



THE VIOLINIST

"Where is that boy Francis?" demanded Joseph Morneau gruffly of his wife as he stalked into the large kitchen banging the screen door behind him.

He was a large man, considering that he was of French stock. He was light of complexion with hair which was just starting to turn gray, and blue eyes. He had pulled a dirty handkerchief from one of the large pockets in his clumsy overalls and was wiping the sweat from his red face.

"I think he is out back in the shed practicing," answered his wife meekly. "He is playing for the dancing

at the party Saturday night, you know," she hastened to add.

"Practicing! Bah! All that lazy boy does is idle his time away playing silly tunes on a violin when there's work to be done."

"But, Joseph," interrupted his wife, "if he is to play well Saturday night, he must practice."

"Is that more important than spraying the potatoes?" retorted her husband. "I told him—"

But just then Francis appeared in the doorway. He was tall but not bulky like his father. In complexion he resembled his mother who was dark. He was not the typical farmer's boy for he had fine features—an aristocratic nose, a rather pointed chin,

and large brown eyes under long curling lashes. One would have judged his age to be about sixteen. He must have heard his father's gruff remarks, for he looked at him suddenly for a moment and then taking a battered straw hat from its hook, sulked out of the house, ignoring his father's words of reproach.

As he sprayed the potatoes row after row in the hot sun Francis told himself over and over that he was not made for spraying potatoes, hoeing turnips, milking cows, pitching hay, and chopping wood. He was a violinist.

The Morneau family (there were two girls besides Francis) had once lived in an industrial city in the United States, where Mr. Morneau had been employed in a factory. Francis had become fond of music very early in his life and had a great desire to play the violin. After some pleading on the boy's part his parents finally consented to let him take lessons, although neither of them could understand his passion for music. They could not afford a very competent teacher, but for four years the boy had done remarkably well learning much on his own initiative. He had been inspired by the thought that some day he would be a great concert artist.

Then came the depression. Mr. Morneau lost his job. He saw no sign of another, and realizing that his life savings would soon go, returned to a part of Canada where both he and his wife had been born. This section of the country was inhabited by contented farmers, mostly of French descent, who lived on small farms with their families, and who had no loftier ambition than to win first prize at the county fair for their live stock.

Joseph Morneau bought one of these small, comfortable farms for a

reasonable price and it was here that Francis's hopes of ever playing on the concert stage gradually dwindled. At first he had thought that he would get a job and earn enough money to return to the States and further his studies, but he soon learned that jobs in this section were scarce and money even scarcer. Besides, he was needed on the farm, for his father could not do the work alone and certainly could not afford to employ someone to help him.

And so as he sprayed, Francis pondered these thoughts bitterly in his mind.

The next day was one of those sultry, summer days which make even the thought of work unbearable. Partly out of spite and partly because of the weather, Francis had sneaked out of the house with his violin leaving his chores undone, walking along the dusty road. His conscience bothered him a little as he thought of his mother baking in the suffocating heat of the kitchen, but the thought of the coolness of the spot he was headed for and an hour alone with his thoughts lured him on. When he came to some woods by the side of the road Francis turned off and followed a narrow path through the trees until he came to a little brook. Its cool, clear waters gurgled contentedly to the twittering of the birds overhead. Lying in the shade of the trees, his slender body stretched on the cool grass, Francis's thoughts soon turned to his favorite dream. Closing his eyes, he pictured himself playing to an enthralled audience in some great concert hall. The applause was overwhelming and he bowed again and again and again. Inspired by these thoughts Francis stood, and taking his violin lovingly in his fingers, played, putting his whole soul into his playing. But only the little wild-

flowers at his feet nodded their dainty heads in approval.

At home, Mrs. Morneau baked bread in an ancient black coal stove. Oil, gas, or electric stoves were an impossibility in this part of the country and so even on the hottest days of summer the baking was done in coal stoves, and wood used as fuel.

Discovering that the wood box behind the stove was empty, Mrs. Morneau went out to the shed to get a fresh supply. She soon found that Francis had neglected to chop the wood that morning. He was not around, and as she did not wish to make her husband angry with him again, she picked up the heavy axe and attempted to chop the wood herself. After a few clumsy and unsuccessful attempts to chop the first piece of wood, she raised the axe high above her head and with all her strength brought it down. It slipped and hit her foot instead. As the steel blade cut through her shoe and into the flesh she let out a horrible scream which brought both her daughters running from the house. Then she fainted.

Francis had returned home reluctantly and as he passed the wood shed on his way to the house, he heard sobbing. He peered in through the doorway. At the sight of his mother lying there beside the blood-stained axe, her foot in a pool of blood, with his sister bending over her and sobbing, a look of horror passed over his face. The girl told him that his other sister had gone to the turnip field to get his father.

Francis ran to the house to get hot water and bandages. When he returned to the wood shed his father was there. The boy handed his father the pan of water and the bandages, and said, "You take care of Mother, Dad. I'll finish the work."

He cast a contemptuous look at his violin, which he had dropped at the sight of his mother, and walked with determined strides toward the turnip field.

Hilda Binns, '39

MY BROOK

Lying on an overhanging bank, I hear the musical song of the happy brook as it tumbles over the smooth, rounded rocks. My brook abounds in swift whirling eddies, tiny whirlpools and miniature waterfalls. Sparkling in the sun, it gurgles, flowing onward, forever onward! The tiny fishes and tadpoles swim among the soft weeds, swaying dreamily in the water which reflects the beautiful blue sky. The moss and ferns nestle in the tiny nooks. Willows and alders form a fringing border.

The tiny dragon-flies with multi-colored, transparent wings, so much like rainbows, dart about, intent on coming as near the water as possible without wetting their shining wings. Dainty damsel-flies perch airily on reeds, their gleaming wings aflutter. Sometimes a nervous mud-wasp alights for a moment and then up and away!

My beautiful brook is a wondrous mystery, a mystery which flows on forever.

Dorothy Dainowski, '40

FROM WIER HILL

Long ere the burning sun sinks down,
I gaze for miles below me,
Off toward the west is my home town,
A place so warm and friendly.

Above, the clouds the wind is wooing;
They yield, and gently fade from sight;

I still can hear the subdued cooing,
Of birds who fly to a lofty height.

G. Curley, '38

ILLUSIONS

There is something about a gypsy camp which holds a spell over me. The smell of the campfire, the soft twinkling of a guitar, laughing eyes, flashing teeth, the air of lazy happiness, all seem able to make my heart beat a bit quicker, and make my step lag as I go by. Whenever the opportunity comes, I make the excuse of wanting my fortune told, and so have the chance of getting a bit nearer to this romantic life.

One evening especially, I remember, when the gypsy encampment was near the beach where I was staying, I decided to find out what the future had in store for me. Dusk was just coming on, the fires were burning, and supper was cooking. The basket venders and the fortune tellers with their bright skirts and gaudy kerchiefs had all returned to the main camp. I could see the men washing their hands and faces vigorously over basins of water. Now and then, one would burst out into some rollicking gypsy melody, and others would join him until the whole camp would carry on the haunting refrain.

Immediately upon my appearance a dark-eyed girl of about my own age came toward me.

"Have your fortune told, miss?" I nodded. "Cross my palm with silver." I did so, and she drew me near the fire and we sat down where she could see the lines in my hands in the firelight. For a few moments then all was lost in my absorption over my future. Ah yes! Riches, travel, a dark handsome man in my life. What girl would not thrill to these? I left the camp walking on air. Adventures and romance were mine!

The next morning we drove past the same camp—or could it be the same? How soiled their gypsy dresses were. How hard their faces, how untidy the appearance of the

whole camp was. How cheap and unreliable it all seemed, with the morning sun upon it. My dreams for the future vanished into thin air.

Marcia Barker, '40

BEFORE THE STORM

The angry waters rush and roar,
Great waves come crashing in to shore,

Some smash on huge, black rocks,
Others crash on old, worn docks,
The salty spray mounts high,
Above the sea gulls cry.

Skies once a turquoise hue,
Are now a steel, slate blue,
And waters once an emerald green,
Take on a darkened, murky sheen,
The beach once dazzling white,
Stretches out as black as night.

Dotting the forsaken shore,
Come birds more and more,
Some just mutter tiny squeaks,
While others utter lonely shrieks,
They all look so forlorn,
Waiting for the coming storm.

Mingled with the ocean's boom,
And the sea's white foaming fume,
Comes the rumble of the thunder,
Lightning tears the heavens asunder,
Then the stinging rain begins,
And last, the lashing winds.

Caroline Chase, '38

ME 'N SWING

I think that I shall never see
A trumpet player quite like me.
A "cat" who loves to swing it out,
Who welcomes Goodman with a shout
Who stays up late most every night,
To hear Chick Webb play hot and bright.

Who often is extremely fussy,
In case he can't hear Henry Bussey.
And then the Dorseys, Tom and Jim,
With Artie Shaw, they all are trim.
Music is slain by fools like me;
A Harry James I'll never be!

Paul Hurd, '38

A VICTORY

"I can't explain it," said the dark haired basketball coach to her friend, "but there is a certain spark needed for a team to win, and we lack it. There generally is a player who produces this necessary spark but I doubt if anyone on my squad has it."

Miss Brown was in a "spot." She had almost two complete veteran teams, but that didn't seem to help much. The team had been defeated and the sport writers classed them as being mediocre. It was impossible to put your finger on the cause. The girls themselves couldn't be blamed, for they played with the skill and flawlessness of a championship team. There was something missing, but where to find it Miss Brown did not know.

Meanwhile, a tall, husky, dark-eyed girl had moved to town. People, as they do in small towns, talked about her. Everyone, even the dignified gossiping elders, agreed that Sonia was pretty. Of course the boys buzzed around her like a flock of mosquitoes. However, she paid no attention to them. She seemed to be shut up in an impregnable shell. With people, she had all the grace and poise of an aristocrat. No one could break down the barrier she had built up. It was evident she had gone through an unpleasant, if not dreadful experience, but what it was, nobody knew.

One night Miss Brown was coming home from a visit with some friends. She saw Sonia walking slowly along the road. As she drew near, she recognized the girl as one of her pupils. She stopped the car and asked her if she would like to ride back to North Andover. The girl seemed to be in a daze. Miss Brown was curious. She asked the girl what the matter was. The girl was rather vague in answering her

questions. Miss Brown thought it was queer and made up her mind to take her to the next basketball game. She hoped it might put some life into her and make her take an interest in school activities.

In the latter part of the following week, Miss Brown stopped at the place where the girl was boarding and asked her to go to the basketball game. Sonia turned pale and seemed to sway for a moment as if she were going to faint. She turned around quickly so Miss Brown could not see her face. When she turned back she had a determined look and told the coach that she would go.

Basketball was the favorite sport in the town. Everyone turned out to see the high school boys and girls play. This particular night they were playing an out of state school, two of the best teams in the east. The boys were champs of their class and the girls the tops in their class. They stopped at Johnson on the tour to play what might be called an exhibition game.

They arrived at the game and Miss Brown found Sonia a seat with the girl players. Miss Brown had some last minute details to attend to, so she left Sonia with the girls. The girls' game started. Sonia didn't seem to be paying very much attention to the game because she was more interested in a girl sitting on the bench of the opposing girls' team. Suddenly the girl she was staring at was called over to her coach, and there was a substitution for the out-of-staters.

Miss Brown looked at Sonia and then quickly stood up and went to her side asking, "Is anything the matter, Sonia?"

"No, Miss Brown," she replied, "I'll let you know later, but tell me this, do you need another player for your team? I played for four

years with your opponents. I am captain by right; but never mind, it is a long story anyway."

As they were going home that night she told Miss Brown that she had played basketball, and had been voted one of the best girl players in the state; also that she had been elected captain. One day an unfortunate accident occurred. She had been running for the ball and tripped. When she fell she pulled another girl down with her. Sonia got up but the other girl didn't. She apparently was badly injured and after a medical diagnosis, it was said that she would never play again.

People blamed Sonia, and Sonia, realizing what they thought, left town to get away from it all. The coach then realized that the girl had been under a great strain. She asked her what changed her mind.

Sonia replied, "That same girl played tonight."

During the following week Sonia practiced with the varsity and showed her worth. Miss Brown went around school with a very pleased expression. She had good reason. She believed that Sonia was the answer to her troubles.

Lillian Maker, '39

MY FIRST DRIVING LESSON

The motor roared. The sedan shuddered, slowly moved forward. Then came a wild clashing of gears. Another shudder—increased momentum—after a moment the noise of grating gears again—still greater momentum, smoother this time.

The neighbors knew; other motorists knew, and well I knew that it was my first driving lesson.

When I look back now, how clearly I remember every detail of it—that first driving lesson! How could I forget it? A new driver is more conspicuous than the sore thumb in the trite proverb. For who hearing

that gnashing of gears could have mistaken its origin?

The driving wheel was tightly in my grasp. Beneath my feet was an accumulation of gadgets whose mysteries I have since fathomed and whose intricacies I have since mastered. Before me on the dashboard were other gadgets, a neat row of them. But chief of all was that elongated, be-knobbed lever called the gear shift. In its use is to be found the many phases of good driving; in its abuse is to be found all the gear-gnashing and car-shuddering I have just described.

I began with a formula. I have repeated it so many times since that it still occurs to me in my waking moments and in my troubled dreams. It runs something like this: Down into first, clutch out gently and gently on the gas. Momentum. Swiftly in with the clutch and up and over and up goes the gear rod into second. Clutch out, together with gas. More momentum. In with the clutch swiftly, again gear rod swiftly down into third. Clutch out and gas. And now the car runs smoothly.

But to describe it now is easier than to do it was then. I like to remember other lessons later, when my aptitude for driving had better been cultivated; but my first lesson, its disappointments, its corners badly turned, its gear changing poorly executed—all those I wish to forget.

Rita B. Roche, '38

THE SUNSET

Purple shadows in the twilight,
Crept up to my door.
It was a most entrancing sight,
As the sun went down once more.
Tall and dark the trees did stand,
Against the sunset sky.
Above the trees a wide red band,
Bade to the day—Good-bye.

Mary Peel, '39

A DREAM

He sees her in the sunset
 And at the dappled dawn of day,
 Nor dreams that she will e'er forget
 Though she is far away.
 For time and tide,
 They must abide,
 And just as sure will love,
 As pure and true
 As home skies blue,
 That gleam and smile above.

Barbara MacPherson, '39

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

A small, serious faced little boy about five years old dropped wearily down on the soft, velvety green grass beside a long, dusty path. He had a crop of unruly, curly, brown hair. His eyes were large and of a sky blue. Freckles dotted his ruddy cheeks and slightly turned up nose. His red lips showed some pearly white teeth when he smiled. He was dressed in a neat, blue sailor suit, twirling what was once a crisp, white sailor hat but was now limp and smudged with dirt. Beside him sat a small, honey-colored, curly-haired dog, his intelligent, brown eyes looking inquiringly at his small master, his small tail wagging incessantly. "Gee whiz, Wags, we've been walking an awful long time, haven't we, boy! We've seen the world and won't the kids be surprised at home, though!" The dog's eyes twinkled mischievously. He dropped the stick he had picked up and looked at his master expectantly.

Down the path came a dusky negro. He had wiry, black hair, twinkling eyes and a huge, grinning mouth showing some sparkling, white teeth. His faded blue overalls were neatly patched. "Your mammy wants you to home now. You travelled a long

way today, my boy, about one-eighth of a mile."

"Well, we sure had a grand adventure, didn't we, Wagie boy?"

Dorothy Dainowski, '40

THE UNKNOWN VISITOR

It was very late one warm August night and because my bedroom seemed especially hot I was camping for the night on the divan downstairs. The rest of the family were upstairs and asleep.

I woke up suddenly, with the feeling that someone or something had wakened me, and I became quite frightened. Then I thought I heard footsteps. "It must be the dog," I thought. "No! It can't be, because if it were I'd hear the sound of his toe nails." I wondered if it might be my father coming in. Often he gets home late when he has been working out of town.

I lay there, trying to remember if he had come in before I went to bed. Deciding that he had, I felt more certain that some midnight prowler was snooping around. I lay very still, trying to gather enough courage to venture upstairs where the rest of the family were sleeping soundly. I could hear nothing but the ticking of the clock on the mantel, so I dashed upstairs like a streak of lightning.

Mother heard me coming and when I told her my fears she laughed at me and tried her best to quiet my nerves. I crawled into her bed and we talked about it for a few minutes. I soon felt drowsy and the next thing I knew the sun was shining. Somehow, in the daylight, I couldn't feel quite so sure I had heard someone walking in the night. Maybe I just imagined it.

Ruth Atkinson, '41

SPRING

The buds of trees are slowly swelling,
The sap is running free;
Like little planes the birds sweep low,
And bring the Spring to me.

J. Welch, '38

A SKETCH

She was sitting quietly by the window; the sunlight shining on her white hair, made it look like silver; the sweet expression on her face changed to one of excitement as she watched the mail man come briskly up the walk. He dropped a letter on

the steps and she immediately picked it up and started to read it. Her face was impassive for the first few minutes and then a look of concern and anxiety passed over it. The letter from her son must contain something that caused that frown to crease that white forehead. Ah! A look of joy erased the frown and gladness gleamed in the eye that was steadily growing dim. Tears made the eyes grow dimmer as she read that her son was coming home to be married at the end of two weeks.

Rosealice Hargreaves, '38



CHATTER



JUNIOR SEMI-PUBLIC DANCE

The Junior Semi-Public Dance which was held on February 4, 1938, was a great success. A very large crowd attended. It is gratifying to note that more money was made than has been made at this dance for a number of years.

The music was furnished by Roland Russell's Ramblers. The floor was crowded with dancers and everyone was sorry when the dance ended punctually at twelve o'clock.

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

The assembly program of Wednesday, February 16, 1938, consisted of a lecture given by Mr. Harvard A. Corey of Burdett College, Boston. The title of his lecture was "The Key to Success." In his lecture Mr. Corey listed four of the seven secrets to success: Self Responsibility—I am the key to my success,—Self Discovery, Self Mastery, Self Expression.

To illustrate his lecture Mr. Corey

had a large golden key with various letters. Judging from the remarks made by various students I believe that everyone really appreciated and enjoyed Mr. Corey's lecture.

THE JOURNAL DANCE

A SUCCESS

The annual semi-public dance sponsored by the *Johnson Journal* proved to be a success. It was held in Stevens Hall on March 4, 1938, at eight o'clock. A large crowd attended. Music was provided by Hatch's Orchestra. There was dancing from eight to twelve.

CHEMISTRY CLUB PRIZE

The Chemistry Club has announced its intentions of awarding its annual Chemistry Prize. This prize will be given to the one with the highest mark in an examination to be given during the week of May 23, 1938. Anyone is eligible to enter who has taken or is taking Chemistry.

SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR DANCE

The Sophomore-Junior Dance was held March 18, 1938, in Stevens Hall. The music was provided by Bronislaw Polichnowski's orchestra. There was dancing from 7:30 to 11:00.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

On Wednesday, March 16, 1938, the Chemistry Club journeyed over to the Ford Motor Company in Somerville, Mass. Here the members of the club witnessed the process of making a machine. Since some of the parts used in making an automobile are made in Detroit, Michigan, this firm is able to produce between fifty-six and sixty cars, ready for use, within an hour. On the way back part of the club visited a zoo where many interesting specimens were seen.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club presented a minstrel show before the assembly Wednesday, March 9, 1938. The "show" began with the chorus singing *Blossoms on Broadway* and *My Cabin of Dreams*, accompanied by the orchestra.

Bernard Champion, master of ceremonies, announced the acts as follows:

George Massey, solo—Rosalie
 Helena Polichnowski, solo—Ten Pretty Girls
 Ruth Derby—Verra Cheera Morning Sunshine Talk
 Rita Roche, solo—I'm Getting Sentimental Over You
 Mary Howard, Ethyl Lawton, dance and song—I Double Dare You
 Marcella Costello, dance and song—Josephine
 Peter Viger, David Ritchie, John Ranfone, trio—There's a Gold Mine in the Sky
 Peter Viger, John Ranfono—Harmonica Harmony
 Frances Lefebvre, Helen Lang—Moon At Sea
 Robert Garneau—Tizzy Lish

Herbert Barwell, solo—Bei Mir Bist Du Schon

Lenora St. Jean—Still Love To Kiss You Goodnight

James Nutter, Thomas Pendlebury, Thomas McGrail, Edward Garvey—end men

In conclusion the chorus sang *You're a Sweetheart*, accompanied by the orchestra.

PRACTICAL ARTS CLUB

At the meeting conducted by the Practical Arts Club several talks were given in regard to proper clothing, what kind of clothes various types of people should wear, and clothes for various occasions. Also a discussion was held in regard to a style show which the Practical Arts Club intends to give in the near future.

FRENCH CLUB

At one of the meetings of the French Club Miss Pierce gave a talk based on her experiences in France. She emphasized the differences between our country and France, i. e., the standard of comfort in France is much lower than in America, we are a nation of travelers, France is a nation of stay-at-homes. Miss Pierce told of homes in France and railway travel. There was a question period when her talk was finished. After that the whole club sang "La Marseillaise" and the meeting was adjourned.

The French Club presented a play to the second year French class. A class in France was represented and the students were in costume.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club put on a play for its members on Wednesday, February 9, 1938. The title of the play was "Match For The Matchmakers." The participants were Rosealice Hargreaves, Mary Gray, Rose

Aaronian, Ruth Derby, and Dolly Phair.

Thursday, February 10, the Dramatic Club gave a tea for the faculty in the teachers' room at two o'clock. The officers of the club and a selected committee received. The club is now preparing to put on a puppet show.

ETIQUETTE CLUB

On February 9 the Etiquette Club gave a tea. All the members of the club invited guests. For three-quarters of an hour Room 11 ceased being a school room. Miss Chapman's desk, which was decorated appropriately with candles and plates of sandwiches, served as a table. Miss Ruby Cochrane and Miss Helen Greenler acted as hostesses.

On March 16, the Etiquette Club held a period of conversation. The first part of the meeting was devoted to suggestions on the art of conversing and the latter part was used in applying the suggestions.

ALUMNI NEWS

Blanche Downing, Class of '34, who is now a Junior at Jackson College, is playing varsity basketball again this year. Miss Downing plays field hockey in the fall, takes part in archery contests and has recently been elected captain of next year's basketball team, playing forward. Miss Downing was recently voted the position as one of the best athletes ever to attend Tufts. She is also vice-president of the Athletic Association, and a member of the "Weekly" staff and of Delta Chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi.

Miss Downing is holder of one of the six full tuition scholarships given by the trustees of Tufts College to students in attendance in public and private preparatory schools of New

England. The awarding is based on the results of a general two hour examination and personal qualifications. Miss Downing is making a very fine record at Tufts. She is active in scholastic and extra-curricular activities, being vice-president of the program committee of the History Society. Miss Downing is also a member of Alpha Omicron Pi, one of the four national sororities having chapters on the Tufts campus.

Miss Caroline Barker, Class of '37, has been pledged to Delta Chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi, one of the four national sororities having chapters on the Tufts campus. She is also a member of the varsity basketball squad and captain of one of the athletic teams sponsored by the Physical Education Department. Miss Barker has been nominated to the list of twenty finalists in the "World's Fair" contest, sponsored by the college year book to find the eight fairest feminine members of the college.

Paul Bixby, class of '37, is a candidate for the Freshman track team at Tufts College. Bixby is a Freshman in the Engineering Department of Tufts.

John A. Patterson, Class of '37, is now in the Naval Training School. He is with Company 5 and is stationed at Newport, R. I.

Charles J. Donlan, class of '38, has been elected a member of the Honorary Engineering Fraternity at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Eileen Shyne, a graduate of St. Patrick's School, is now a P. G. at Johnson.

William Graham, class of '34, is now President of the Interfraternity Council of Massachusetts State College.



ATHLETICS



GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

The Johnson girls after their splendid victory over the Howe girls the Thursday before, journeyed to Tewksbury on the following Tuesday night and with the same aggressive spirit won over their opponents by a score of 13-7. The girls will remember that floor as the one they got free rides on while they played, for the floor was made of wooden blocks that were movable.

On the first of February, a nice clear, cold night, the team piled into the orange and black bus and traveled to Chelmsford High School. The two gray pillars which loom up in the middle of the floor proved greater opposition than the girls' opponents and again our girls took the lead by a score of 20-13.

The next game was with the Methuen girls at Central School Hall and they were defeated by a score of 14-10. Need more be said?

February eighth brought the girls the honor of entertaining Tewksbury on their own floor and they made it very hard for their guests to keep up with them. The score this time was again in Johnson's favor, 18-10.

The night of February 11 found Johnson at Howe and this game was to determine who would win the cup in the Lowell Suburban League. At the half Johnson was ahead, and they went back in at the third quarter ready to let their steam go, but evidently Miss O'Neil had pepped up her girls' team too, and Lil Horman let hers out by dropping the ball into the basket time after time. The resulting score was 20-12 with a Johnson defeat.

The windup of the league took place at Wilmington, February 15. Those Wilmington girls were especially good and the best Johnson could do under the circumstances was to tie them 23-23. Johnson then held second place in the league, having lost two games, their first to Wilmington, their seventh to Howe.

The girls had a fine coach in Miss Colburn and she will bring the League Cup back to Johnson next year we hope. Not a little success of the team is due to Miss Jensen who very ably assisted Miss Colburn all season in coaching. The girls also had a fine leader in Elizabeth Rennie, who was a splendid example to her teammates for her sportsmanship and dependability.

Summary of games:

| | | | | |
|---------|---------|----|------------|----|
| Jan. 28 | Johnson | 13 | Tewksbury | 7 |
| Feb. 1 | Johnson | 20 | Chelmsford | 13 |
| Feb. 7 | Johnson | 10 | Methuen | 14 |
| Feb. 8 | Johnson | 18 | Tewksbury | 10 |
| Feb. 11 | Johnson | 12 | Howe | 20 |
| Feb. 15 | Johnson | 23 | Wilmington | 23 |

Class games and first and second team games have been played with Punchard, Methuen, and Acton, since the close of the league games.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

| | | | |
|---------|----|----------------|----|
| Johnson | 22 | Alumni | 15 |
| Johnson | 19 | Wilmington | 12 |
| Johnson | 14 | Methuen | 18 |
| Johnson | 13 | Chelmsford | 10 |
| Johnson | 15 | Acton | 10 |
| Johnson | 12 | Punchard | 19 |
| Johnson | 17 | Howe | 12 |
| Johnson | 38 | Andover Jayvee | 24 |
| Johnson | 19 | Tewksbury | 36 |
| Johnson | 17 | Punchard | 15 |
| Johnson | 20 | Wilmington | 16 |

| | | | |
|---------|----|------------------|-----|
| Johnson | 18 | Acton | 17 |
| Johnson | 17 | Methuen | 9 |
| Johnson | 16 | Andover Jayvees | 20 |
| Johnson | 23 | Punchard | 34* |
| Johnson | 19 | Central Catholic | 12 |
| Johnson | 43 | Wilmington | 23* |
| Johnson | 54 | Groveland | 18* |
| Johnson | 40 | Central Catholic | 14 |
| Johnson | 30 | Howe | 19 |

— — — — —
Total pts. 497 Points against 375
(*) Games played in Punchard
Tournament.

Chelmsford 16, Johnson 10

Playing on Chelmsford's court, Johnson was stopped cold for their second defeat in their last two games. The boys have no one to blame but themselves, as they passed wildly and couldn't make their shots count. Another factor was the poor floor on which the game was played. Chelmsford's factor is worse by far than Johnson's, so you can readily imagine what it is like. Our two offensive stars, Captain Coram and Russell Donnelly, couldn't seem to find the range, and as a result scored only one basket between them. Charley Foster and Bing Miller were high point scorers with two floor baskets apiece. (Incidentally, this game cost them the title.)

Johnson 21, Tewksbury 13

Stepping back into the win column after two defeats, Johnson dumped Tewksbury to the tune of 21 to 13. The game was very exciting and for the first half, very close. At half-time the score stood 9 to 9, but then the Johnson boys went to town. The work of the Johnson boys on defense was something to behold. I am beginning to doubt whether even the marines can get through that defense, let alone Tewksbury. Captain Coram and Russell Donnelly, flashy forwards, were sinking them from all

over the floor, while Barwell and Foster also contributed to the cause.

Johnson 17, Punchard 15

The Johnson boys again came through to defeat their age-old rivals by the score of 17 to 15. Johnson took things rather easy in the first half, then had to fight to pull the game out of the fire. Diminutive Pete Evangelos came through on defense, while Charley Foster played well on offense.

Johnson 20, Wilmington 16

Johnson journeyed to Wilmington to get their next victory, and they received it by the score of 20 to 16. The game was exciting all the way with Johnson proving themselves superior in the finish. Fighting hard to win, the boys were justly rewarded. Russell Donnelly, eagle-eyed, sharp-shooting, left forward, was again high point scorer with the mere total of twelve points. The victory clinched second place for the Johnson five.

Johnson 30, Howe 19

Putting the blast on once again, the fast-moving Johnson five trounced Howe to the tune of 30 to 19. From the very start, it was evident that the Howe quintet was no match for our boys, as they went right to work piling up a large score. All members of the squad got into the contest, and this gladdened many hearts. Russ Donnelly was high point scorer with ten points, while Barwell came through with a shot from about three-quarters the length of the floor.

Johnson 18, Acton 17

The yellow jerseyed players from Acton proved to be a surprise to the Johnson five, as the Red Raiders from Johnson were forced to go the limit to eke out a one point victory. Pete Evangelos was the big gun of the

evening as he popped in two beautiful long shots and one foul, for a total of five points.

Johnson 17, Methuen 9

Playing its last home game of the season, the Johnson High basketball team came through with a victory over Methuen by the score of 17 to 9. The boys passed smoothly and swiftly, and this is one of the reasons that the boys have won so many games this year. In the first half, Charley Foster was the big gun, scoring seven points, while our two offensive stars, Captain Coram and Russ Donnelly, fed the ball to him. In the second half the procedure was reversed, with the two forwards going to town.

Johnson 16, Andover Jayvees 20

Johnson traveled to Andover to meet their new acquaintances of Phillips Andover in basketball, and were defeated 20 to 16. The home town boys seemed lost again on the large court, just as they did over at Punchard. The Andover boys went right to work and piled up a comfortable lead, and the Johnson boys were never threatening. In the second half they began to feel more at home on the large court and tried to pull the game out of the fire with long shots, but it was too late. Charley Foster was the big gun, both scoring and snaring the rebounds.

Johnson 19, Central Catholic 12

Meeting another new rival on the basketball court did not excite the Johnson boys any, and they went right to work and added another victim to their list of victories by the score of 19 to 12. Captain Fred Coram, offensive flash, starred as he led his team to another victory. The combination of Coram to Donnelly or vice-versa, worked very well, and it had the youngsters from Central Catholic puzzled.

Johnson 40, Central Catholic 14

The Johnson quintet successfully closed its season by pinning a defeat on Central Catholic, the second of the year by the way, by the score of 40 to 14. Russell Donnelly was high point scorer with a total of fourteen points. Captain Coram was close behind him with a total of five baskets from the floor.

Again the Johnson High basketball team has brought success and honor to the school. The team supplied plenty of opposition for any team it faced in the entire season. The boys finished second in the Lowell Suburban League, and were the only team to defeat the league leaders. In the Punchard Tournament, they took consolation honors. In three games played in the Tournament, the team massed a total of 119 points, while the opposition garnered only 71.

On February ninth, the Third Annual Basketball Banquet was enjoyed at Chelmsford. Johnson was well represented by its two teams and coaches. There were many interesting speakers who spoke highly of the Suburban League, and the teams which participated in it. A student from Tewksbury High who has had the good fortune to travel extensively, presented moving pictures to the gathering, and they were very interesting. After the movies, general dancing was enjoyed by all.

BASEBALL

The Johnson boys are looking forward to the baseball season with keen delight. Champions of last season, they are looking forward to repeat this performance. Coach Cavalieri will greet such capable veterans as Bing Miller, Art Banker, Frank Hill, and other stellar moundsmen.

Russell Donnelly, flashy basketball star, will lead the team this year, occupying the position of short-stop. In the outfield he will have Bud Barwell, Peter Evangelos, with many fighting for the other positions.

The infield will be well taken care of by such players as Fred Coram at first, diminutive Kenneth Dill at second, Captain Donnelly at short, and third will be open if Sullivan is put behind the bat.



EXCHANGES



From the Crypt School in Gloucester, England, we have received *The Cryptian*. It has a wealth of school news, good editorials and an excellent account of a "Tour of the Bavarian Alps" which was undertaken by some of the student body.

Hi-Lights from Tewksbury is improving constantly. An excellent literary section this time made your issue worth reading. Keep up the good work.

Traip Academy sends us its *Tattler*. The work of their sports editors is to be commended, as their accounts are well written and give the details of the game.

The Cub from Manning High School has a small but interesting issue. "Buzzard's Prey" lends a gruesome note to it, but the story was clearly and concisely written. More stories of this type would help.

Although the articles of the *Alpha* from Wilmington High were very good, they were read with great difficulty because of the poor typing. Your first page of pictures depicting famous birthdays was original and excellently planned.

From Punchard High we have received the *Punch Harder*. The January issue was as good as Punchard's athletic teams, which is saying much.



HUMOR



Mr. Donovan: "Howard, give me some quotations from the Bible."

Howard: "And so Judas went out and killed himself."

Mr. Donovan: "Good! How about another?"

Howard: "Go thou and do likewise."

(The above humor by the kind courtesy of the *Green and White*, Danvers, Mass.)

Clerk in book store: "This book will do half your work for you."

Clarenbach: "Fine! I'll take two."

HINT

We seniors are a scolded class,
By the teachers of our unruly mass,
Perhaps we'll be better some nice day,
But it's doubtful (at least so they say),
Now here comes spring, we'll do our best,
So we can go home with the rest,
There'll be an improvement without doubt,
For you see, our teachers, we wish to get out.

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